

The Abbeville Press.

BY W. A. LEE AND HUGH WILSON

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A SOUTHERN CHEESE FACTORY.

A correspondent of the *Ashville News and Farmer*, gives the following particulars of a new enterprise recently started in Buncombe County, N. C.:

Not quite a year ago, Mr. N. W. Woodfin, the owner of the lands upon which the factory is situated, left this place to visit the State of New York. While there he made the acquaintance of Gov. Horatio Seymour, the present President of the Cheese Factory Association of that State, who induced him to visit many of the Cheese Factories there in successful operation. The flattering results of that State caused Mr. Woodfin to seek out every information concerning it, with a view of introduction to the people of Western North Carolina the subject of Cheese making, as a means of recuperating their lost fortunes and to change the production of their farms.

The intelligent and practical mind of Mr. Woodfin saw at once that if Cheese Factories were profitable in New York, where grazing lands are worth from \$100 to \$200 per acre, and labor much higher than in these mountains, it would be much more profitable in Western North Carolina where equally as good grazing lands can be bought at from \$1 to \$10 per acre, and labor much cheaper, while our climate and water, being cooler and purer than in New York, will enable us to produce a better quality. He immediately induced Capt. Edwards one of the best cheese makers in New York, and who was highly recommended by Gov. Seymour, to pay a visit to Buncombe and examine the country. In January last, Mr. Edwards came here took a survey of the country and pronounced it equal to New York for Cheese making.

A company was immediately formed, Capt. Edwards was employed to superintend the factory, and sent back to New York to procure the most complete and best machinery. At that time there was not a tree cut, from which any part of the present buildings were erected; but the indefatigable energy of the members of the Company in an incredibly short time felled the huge forest trees, erected suitable buildings, made a good road of two miles in length, and by the time the machinery arrived, on the 27th day of April, everything was ready to receive it.

On the 28th of April 1886, (the day after the machinery arrived) the first cheese was made at Elk Mountain, weighing 40 pounds, and is as fine an article of cheese as any made in any country.

Quantity of Cheese now made daily, 250 to 260 lbs.

Numbers of cows milked, 150

The whole quantity of Cheese made since April 28th, 8000 lbs.

There are two sizes of Cheese made one size weighing about 40 lbs. each the other from 8 to 12 lbs. The prices adopted by the Company are for the largest size 20 cents per pound, for the smaller size, by the single Cheese, 25 cents per pound, but where three or more small ones are taken the price is reduced to the same as for the largest size. This price brings it within the reach of every one, and if the Company does nothing more, it deserves the united support of our people for having reduced the price of that article of food.

The factory employs fifteen hands. Of these, three are females; two are milkers only, and in the vat room. The male employees are engaged, between the morning hours, in various other duties on the farm.

About fifty hogs are kept "fat and flourishing" upon the whey from the vats.

The machinery was made by Messrs Williams, Ruff & Co., Utica, Oneida Co., N. Y.

Thus, then, in ten months after it was first thought of, the Machinery has been made, in New York, and delivered in Buncombe County, N. C., the forest felled, the buildings erected 180 cows purchased, and 8000 pounds of superior Cheese made, which finds ready sale, in and near Asheville, at the above prices, and gives the factory earnings, since the 18th of April not two months—the respectable amount of \$1,600! Such energy and industry is entitled to the highest praise, and ensures to the enterprise a profitable career.

As an enterprise, for the general good, it cannot be over estimated. Already we see its influence permeating through every section of these Mountains. Cheese Factories are to be established in other Counties, and with them will our farmers be encouraged to change their system of cultivation. The grasses and rotation of crops will soon make our old fields put on a living green verdure, from

which the lowing cattle will yield, morning and evening, their golden reward to the owners, while the lands will be constantly improving in price and quality.

We are unable, in this number, to give details of the process of Cheese making, but as it will be our pleasure to often notice the success of this factory, we shall embrace another opportunity for that.

We cannot close this article without assuring our readers of two essential particulars in the Elk Mountain Cheese:

1st. Its cleanliness. Everything connected with its manufacture is scrupulously clean. No lady in the land is more cleanly or fastidious in her bread and pastry, than are Capt. Edwards and his excellent lady in everything connected with their Cheese, so that none need fear "eating dirt" in it.

2nd. Its quality. We profess to be a good judge of cheese, and we unhesitatingly pronounce the Elk Mountain Cheese equal in every respect, to any cheese we have ever tasted. And why should it not be? Captain Edwards is the best cheese maker that could be found in New York; the machinery used is the same as that used in the best Northern Factories; the process is identically the same, the pasturage is fully as good, and our cows yield as rich milk, while our climate is far superior.

We ask our Southern merchants to turn the current of their cheese money up this way, and we promise them they will be delighted with the change. The Company is now ready to fill all orders.

THE LITTLE GIRL AND HER COPY.

A little girl went to a writing-school. When she saw her copy, with every line so perfect, "I can never write like that," she said.

She looked steadfastly at its straight lines, which were so very straight, and the round lines so slim and graceful. Then she took up her pen, and timidly put it on the paper. Her hand trembled, she drew it back; she stopped, studied the copy, and began again. "I can but try," said the little girl; "I will do as well as I can."

She wrote half a page. The letters were crooked. What more could we expect from a first effort? The next scholar stretched across her desk, and said, "What scraggy things you make!" Tears filled the little girl's eyes. She dreaded to have the teacher see her book. "He will be angry with me, and scold," she said to herself. But when the teacher came and looked, he smiled.

"I see you are trying, my little girl," he said kindly, "and that is enough for me."

She took courage. Again and again she studied the beautiful copy. She wanted to know how every line went, how every letter was rounded and made. Then she took up her pen, and began again to write. She wrote carefully, with the copy always before her.

But oh, what slow work it was! Her letters straggled here, they crowded there, and some of them looked every which way.

The little girl trembled at the step of the teacher. "I am afraid you will find fault with me," she said; "my letters are not fit to be on the same page with the copy."

"I do not find fault with you," said the teacher, "because I do not look so much at what you do, as at what you aim and have the heart to do. By sincerely trying, you will make a little improvement every day; and a little improvement every day will enable you to reach excellence by-and-by."

"Thank you, sir," said the little girl; and thus encouraged, she took up her pen with a greater spirit of application than before.

And so it went with the dear children who are trying to become like Jesus. God has given us a heavenly copy. He has given us his dear son "for an example, that we should follow his steps." He "did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth." How he loved people; how he forgave his enemies; how kind and tender he was; how "meek and lowly in heart;" how he "went about doing good!" He is also gentle lovely, and "full of grace and truth."

And when you study his character, "I can never, never reach that," you say. "I can never be like Jesus." God does not expect you to become like his dear son in a minute, or a day, or a year; but what pleasure is it, that you should love him and have a disposition to try. It is that temper which helps you to grow day by day, little by little, into his likeness, which God desires to see.

Weigh others as you would be weighed yourselves, and the scales would have a sinucure.

TRIUMPHS OF GENIUS.

We sometimes think of genius as a wayward, sickly faculty; but it is rather that persistent power of the soul which, like faith, "laughs at impossibilities," and cuts its way through every obstacle. The life of Charles Goodyear illustrates this in an eminent degree. The *Scientific American* says:—We presume that the story of his eventful life will be made public in some more formal mode, and we will not attempt fully to trace the progress of his inventions. It was in 1834 that Mr. Goodyear turned his attention to the manufacture of India rubber. There was a mystery about this tropical gum which gave it a strange charm to his imagination. It appeared from time to time only as a rare curiosity brought from foreign lands. The savages who possessed it kept it a profound secret. It was found only under the burning sun of the equator, in the gloomy swamps of the unexplored Amazon, or the jungles of Asia and Africa. Its nature was as mysterious as its origin; the chemists who examined it were baffled in their attempts to make it of practical use. Ingenious men abroad and at home, had attempted to solve the mystery, but all had failed. That it was of immense value in the arts to supply a thousand wants of civilized life, was obvious to all, but the elastic gum kept its own mysterious secret, and there was no clue to the discovery.

To discover the secret and solve the problem became the dream of Charles Goodyear's life. The difficulties and failures which he encountered only made it more dear to him. He asked aid from men of science, but they discouraged him; his associates abandoned the pursuit in despair; his friends, one after another, left him, but he only clung the closer to his cherished faith. In one of the contests by which pirates of his invention sought to rob him of his rights, the veil was half withdrawn from the life of the inventor, and a few details of the privations which he endured were given. He was in such extreme poverty that his bed was sold from under him; he was so poor that it was said he could not buy an ounce of tea on credit. In the dead of winter there was no food in his house, and no fuel for fire. This was not the struggle of a few months only, but it was the story of years; for it was not till 1844, after ten years of toil, till he perfected and patented his discovery. His labor, however, did not cease, and even to the hour of his death he was devoted to the favorite pursuit on which he lavished the immense sums which he received from his patents. His life was subject to stranger vicissitudes. He went from a debtors' prison to a palace, in Paris. The man who was an object of cold contempt in an obscure village, on account of his poverty, received the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor from the Emperor Napoleon as a reward of his genius. In Europe as well as America, his name was honored and his merits appreciated, but to the hour of his death he was the same enthusiastic and patient inventor. Charles Goodyear has well been called the American Pallas, and to his last hour he acted on the principle that God did not create him to leave him idle.

CAT AND KITTENS: A HINT TO TEACHERS.—"Granny, granny! the air is full of canaries!" it is, granny. Just like Miss Lily's in the cage, granny that she rubbed my nose against because I just looked at it. And the kitten stood with her back arched, her tail straight up, and her eyes as bright as stars and as round as beads.

"Nonsense!" cried the old cat. "Well, then, they are butterflies. Yes, they are butterflies!" said kitty, lifting up one little paw for a start.

"Butterflies in December!" said the old cat contemptuously.

"Then—then—then—they are—," cried kitty, and off she scampered without waiting to finish; and jumping up to catch one, she fell backwards and rolled over and over.

"They are nothing but dead leaves, granny!" she exclaimed, returning with an air of disappointment.

"Of course they are dead leaves. I knew that," said the old cat.

"Did you? Then why didn't you tell me so?" asked kitty, half affronted.

"Because, my dear," replied the old cat, "young people are apt to set a higher value on what they have some trouble in learning than on what they get for nothing."

"I don't like to patronize this kind," said a hardened rogue, as a hangerman adjusted the noose to his neck. "Never mind just this once," answered the hangerman.

FERTILIZERS WILL NOT PAY.

A large number of wiser and better farmers than I have ever claimed to be, boldly make the above assertion. The assertion depends, for its correctness, on circumstances.

If, to an acre of land that has yielded tons upon tons of produce until it is exhausted, they give seventy-five or one hundred pounds, or even one hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds, and expect a crop equal to that grown on the best acres of new ground in the State, the assertion may hold good; that fertilizers will not pay.

But if, on the other hand he will apply four or five hundred pounds, or even more, to the same acre for three years in succession, after that time, less will be required each subsequent year, until fifth makes it necessary to change the crop and put to lover or grass. The crops in the meantime, with tolerable seasons, will be very fine, and his land grow richer every year. The farmer who persist in the small application, is striving constantly to get his money back and get a stand of clover but he very often fails in both. Suppose a would be wise man should change the site of his garden every year for ten years, would he have a richer or better garden thereby at the expiration of the time? Suppose the manure applied to the ten new gardens had been put on the same one for ten years, how would the crops compare?

Or suppose one fourth of the quantity of manure had been applied yearly to the same garden, how would the crops on the tenth new garden and the old compare? More than twenty years since, a Pennsylvanian purchased a farm in Shenandoah county, Va. His first crop of wheat, was five bushels per acre. He kept the same field in wheat, adding every thing he could get at that day to fertilize it, until he made it produce forty bushels per acre. What he applied doubtless increased the filth rapidly. The phosphates (we should use no other fertilizer we have to pay money for, except Plaster and Lime) of our day are better for continued cropping than home-made manure, for the reason that weeds do not follow so rapidly. I am a ruined Confederate and cannot set the example suggested, but, at the same time, I am sorry to find so many falling out with manufactured fertilizers, when it is plain to me that they, and not the fertilizers, are at fault. I use Phosphates freely on potatoes, cabbage, &c. I also use it on corn and oats last year. I applied two hundred and fifty pounds to one-fourth of an acre for cabbage last spring; but for the worms, it would have paid well. I also used it in the hill with all sorts of crops. I have now my supply for spring use. Thus, you see I practice what I preach, about as nearly as most preachers do.—*Southern Planter and Farmer.*

AARON BURR'S SCHEMES OF CONQUEST.

The following interesting extract is from a late work of Judge Hall, published by Hubbard & Edmunds, Cincinnati, Ohio, under the title of *Sketches of History, Life and Manners in the West.*

"Whatever were Burr's intentions, it is certain that they embraced schemes so alluring or so magnificent, as to win the credulous Blannerhasset from the abstraction of study, and the blandishment of love. This island became the centre of study, and the blandishment of love. This island became the centre of operations. Here arms were deposited and men collected; and here, assembled around their watchfires, young gentlemen, who 'had seen better days,' and 'at good men's feasts,' endured all the rigors of the climate and the privations of a campaign, rewarding themselves in anticipation with the honors of war and the wealth of Mexico. Burr and Blannerhasset were the master spirits who planned their labors; Mrs. Blannerhasset was the light and life of all their social joys. If treason matured its dark designs in her mansion, here also the song, the dance and the revel, displayed their fascination. The order of arrest was the signal dispersion to this ill-fated band; and it is said, that the lovely mistress of this fairy scene, the Calypso of this enchanted isle, was seen at midnight, 'shivering on the winter banks of the Ohio,' mingling her tears with its waters, eluding by stratagem the ministers of justice, and the solace of the comforts of life, and the solace of that hospitality which she had once dispensed with such grateful liberality.

"I believe it is not doubted that Burr intended to have attempted the conquest of Mexico. A large portion of the people of that country were supposed to be waiting only for a favorable opportunity to throw off the Spanish yoke. The Americans, as their neighbors, and as republicans, would, it was thought, be received without suspicion; nor would Burr have unfolded his ultimate design until it would have been too late to prevent its accomplishment. He would then have established a monarchy, at the head of which would have been King Aaron the First. I am told that the young gentlemen who were proceeding to join him, often amused themselves on this subject; talking half in earnest and half in jest of the offices and honors which awaited them. Titles and places were already lavishly distributed in anticipation; and Mrs. Blannerhasset, who was an accomplished and sprightly woman, had arranged the dresses and ornaments of the court. When the alarm was given, and the

orders were issued for the arrest of Burr and his adherents, they were obliged to resort to a variety of expedients to escape detection. At Fort Massac and other places, all boats descending the river were compelled to stop and undergo strict examination, to the great annoyance of boatmen and peaceable voyagers, who were often obliged to land at unseasonable hours. Very diligent inquiry was made for the lady just mentioned, who several times narrowly escaped detection, through her own ingenuity and that of her companions."

SUSPENDED ANIMATION.

The Cleveland (Ohio) Plain Dealer

of May 30, has the following: On Lorian street, above Jersey, there resides with her step father, a young lady, Miss Ellen K. White, who is probably between 17 and 18 years of age, very prepossessing in her manners, and very finely educated. About six weeks ago she was taken dangerously ill with what the family physician pronounced typhoid fever, and for some days she was so low that all hopes of her recovery were given up. She rallied, however, and under careful nursing, and skillful treatment, she was in a fair way to recover, when about two weeks ago she relapsed, and sank rapidly, until the breath seemed to leave her body, and she was pronounced a corpse. Her body was prepared for the grave, and preparations were made by her bereaved parents and friends for the funeral, when her mother who could not be made to realize the fact that her only daughter was dead to her forever, noticed that though the limbs of her daughter were rigid, yet the body retained its warmth. Physicians were called, but they decided that she was dead, and every attempt to resuscitate her failing, it was determined last Sunday to consign her to her grave, and a coffin was procured. On Saturday, while one of the neighbors and the mother were standing by the side of the supposed corpse, the door, which had been left open, blew shut with a loud noise which had the effect of so acting upon the girl as to bring her to, and set her life blood in motion. She sprang up in bed, throwing her arms around her mother's neck, wept tears of joy over her escape from the horrid death of being buried alive. Our reporter yesterday visited the house and was granted an interview with the young lady. Miss White said that when she felt herself sinking she had no fear of death, but turned herself upon her side, and as she did all pain disappeared, and she sank to sleep as peacefully as a child. She lay, she thinks, unconscious for an hour or more, for when she came to herself, though she could not move or speak, she found that she was ready laid out for burial. She could see her mother by her side, and all those who came to see all they said. She tried to speak to them but her tongue refused to do its office; she tried to move but could not; and there she lay, blessing her mother for her refusal to allow her to be buried. Upon two occasions, when her mother was alone in the room with her, seemed as though she left the body and could look upon it as she could upon her mother. She said she was unable to describe the feelings that she experienced upon those occasions. When not tortured with the fear of being buried alive, she was perfectly at rest perfectly happy, and when the door slammed, which brought her to, it seemed as though she was, to use her own words, "compelled to commence a hard days work."

SEASON FOR PRUNING.—The early part of summer is a good time to prune young trees. Such trees being in a growing state it is then easy to determine what branches to retain and which to cut off in forming the head. Also by removing unnecessary branches at this season there is a saving in the growth by turning the forces into the other parts of the tree. The thinning out of the heads of bearing trees may be done in autumn or winter. But of all seasons the spring is the worst for pruning especially when the sap is rising as wounds made at this season do not heal readily. The sap oozing from the wounds ferments, turns the parts black, decays soon begins and in large trees the wood rots before the wound can heal over. It sometimes happens however that pruning must be done in the spring or go undone. In such instances as little should be 'lopped off' as will answer the purpose and a wound of considerable size should receive a covering of varnish made of gum shellac dissolved in alcohol.

EXCELLENT WHITENESS.—In the German town Telegraph we find what is pronounced to be a superior whitewash. composed of paris white and white transparent glue. The proportions are sixteen pounds of the white to half a pound of the glue. The white is now, and the glue comes out in a hard lump, and the place heals up. The plaster kills the cancer, so that it sloughs out like dead flesh, and never grows in again. The remedy was discovered by Dr. Egl, of London, and has been used by him for six or eight years with unfailing success, and not a case has been known of the re-appearance of the cancer when this remedy has been applied.

BLUE SKY INSIPS.—"I think the rain is very provoking," said Bee's Jones, looking out of the window. "It is spoiling the slides, and there won't be an inch of ice left in an hour to skate on. Now, where's my fun this afternoon, I should like to know?"

"You can stay at home and sew," said her aunt.

"I want to skate," said Bee. "This rain is very provoking."

"The provoking is all in your own heart, Bee," said her brother. "If you only had blue sky inside, you would not mind the rain outside."

Yes, it is so. Blue sky inside, that is, a sweet serene temper, takes all the little disappointments of life without fretting.

He who is master of the fittest moment to smother his enemy, and magnanimously forgive it, is born to be a conqueror.

A LONDON STREET SINGER.

Some years ago mysterious paragraph went the round of the press to the effect that a young and beautiful woman made her appearance every night at 10 o'clock, in one of the West End squares, and that after a superb vocal display she disappeared, no one knew how or where, exactly as the clock struck eleven. The *Sunday Times* professed to give special and exclusive particulars of this anonymous nightingale, as she was termed, and even went so far, as to hint broadly that she was a celebrated vocalist married to a penniless lord, who took this novel mode of enlarging an insufficient income. Of course this piece of family history proved to be an invention. I had the good fortune to hear her once in Berkeley square. Seeing a large crowd waiting in an expectant attitude, just where a fashionable hotel is located, I inquired the cause, and was told the mysterious vocalist, the nightingale was about to show herself. As the clock struck ten, a lady dressed in deep mourning, and having the upper part of her face concealed by a thick black veil, glided forward and took her place in the center of a space purposely kept clear for her. I decided from noticing the beautiful formation of the mouth and chin, and the finely rounded fair throat, that she must be both young and more than commonly attractive. She was accompanied by a little boy also in deep mourning who carried an open reticule. Without delay, the nightingale commenced a ballad, and sang with such surpassing taste and feeling as to hold the miscellaneous crowd in mute and rapt attention. This was followed by several favorite scenes from popular operas, all exhibiting the talent and culture of an accomplished artist. A collection was made; a few gave coppers—all who could afford it gave silver. The little boy sent his bag to the hotel, the balcony of which was crowded with visitors, and it was returned apparently heavy with precious coin. The sum total must have been considerable and this I was informed was the usual reward of the hour's work. When eleven struck, the unknown stopped her song, made a slight curtsy, and threaded her way quickly through the crowd. Her real history I afterwards learned was a pitiful one. She was the daughter of a celebrated teacher of music, and had been educated for the stage; she married, against the wishes of her parents, a clerk in a post-office, who, being detected in the then unpardonable sin of uttering a forged bank note, was tried, convicted and hanged. With three little helpless infants and no means of earning sufficient income, the bereaved young widow adopted the plan of making her fine voice the scientific attainments furnish the means of subsistence. The close of this story is more hopeful. Her beauty, misfortune, and accomplishments attracted the attention of a clergyman in one of the eastern counties. He married her, and she disappeared from public view.

How to Cure a Cancer.

A Milwaukee paper states that, some months ago, Mr. T. B. Mason, of that city, ascertained that he had a cancer on his face the size of a pin. It was cut out by Dr. Wolcott, and the wound partially healed. Subsequently it grew again, and while he was at Cincinnati on business, it attained the size of a hickory nut. He remained there since Christmas under treatment, and is now perfectly cured. The process is this: A piece of sticking-plaster was put over the cancer, with a circular piece cut out of the centre, a little larger than the cancer, so that the cancer had a small circular rim of the healthy skin next to it exposed. Then a plaster made of chloride of zinc, blood root and wheat flour was spread on a piece of muslin the size of this circular opening and applied to the cancer for twenty-four hours. On removing it, the cancer will be found burnt into, and appear of the color and hardness of an old shoe sole, and the rim outside of it will appear white and par-boiled, as if scalded by hot steam. The wound is now dressed, and the outside rim soap separated, and the cancer comes out in a hard lump, and the place heals up. The plaster kills the cancer, so that it sloughs out like dead flesh, and never grows in again. The remedy was discovered by Dr. Egl, of London, and has been used by him for six or eight years with unfailing success, and not a case has been known of the re-appearance of the cancer when this remedy has been applied.

Blue Sky Inside.

"I think the rain is very provoking," said Bee's Jones, looking out of the window. "It is spoiling the slides, and there won't be an inch of ice left in an hour to skate on. Now, where's my fun this afternoon, I should like to know?"

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He who is master of the fittest moment to smother his enemy, and magnanimously forgive it, is born to be a conqueror.

"COSTAR'S" Preparations

EVERYBODY—Tries Them!
EVERYBODY—Uses Them!
EVERYBODY—Believes in Them!
EVERYBODY—Recommends Them!

"Costar's" Extremators.
For Rats, Roaches, Ants, &c.
"Costar's" Bed-Bug Exter.
A Liquid—Kills—Sure this g.
"Costar's" Insect Powder.
For Fleas, Moths, Insects, &c.
"Costar's" Corn Solvent.
For Corns, Bunions, &c.
"Costar's" Buckthorn Salve.
For Cuts, Burns, Bruises, &c.
"Costar's" Bishop Pills.
(Sugar Coated) Dinner Pill.
Costar's Cough Remedy.
For Coughs, Colds, &c.
Costar's Bitter-Sweet and Orange Blossoms.
Sweetens the Complexion.
Makes the Skin Fresh and fair.

111 Beware!!! of all worthless Imitations.
None Genuine without "Costar's" Signature.
25c. and 50c. sizes kept by all Druggists.
\$1 sizes sent by mail on receipt of price.
\$2 pays for any three \$1 sizes by Express.
\$5 pays for eight \$1 sizes by Express.
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HENRY R. COSTAR,
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For sale by
DR. E. PARKER,
Abbeville, S. C.
And at Wholesale in all the Cities and large towns in the U. S.
May 20, 1886, 6, 6m

Medical Notice.

DR. J. J. LEE

OFFERS HIS PROFESSIONAL SERVICES to the citizens of Abbeville Village and vicinity.
OFFICE—Above the store of Mr. EXCOT NELSON, corner of Washington Street and Public Square.
July 10, 1886, 12—1f

STRAYED OR STOLEN!

FROM THE Subscriber on Saturday last, at Abbeville, C. H.

A DARK BAY HORSE,

About 15 hands, a little away-backed, and eight years old. For the recovery of this horse, or any information that will lead to his recovery, a liberal reward will be paid.

A. F. MCORD.
July 17, 1886, 12—1f

D. W. HAWTHORN,

Broker and Commission Merchant
WALHALLA, S. C.

WILL be prepared on the first of August, 1886, to transact all business of this line, and purchase Country Produce of all kinds.

The Highest Market Price
PAID FOR
CORN, WHEAT, PEAS,
And everything else produced in this section of the country.

He will also conduct the same business at Houses Path, S. C., and will be happy to have the patronage of his friends at either place.
July 10, 1886, 12—1m

PHENIX IRON WORKS,

Columbia, S. C.

GOLDSMITH & KIND, Proprietors

ALL kinds of Mill Castings, (Saw and Grist, Railings for Houses, Gardens, Grave Yards, Sugar Mills, &c.), Machine works and Agricultural Implements, manufactured. Orders are solicited and executed on cheap terms.
Our rates are from FIVE to TEN PER CENT. LOWER than formerly. Attention is especially called to our Super Gauge Mills.
M. GOLDSMITH,
June 5, 1886, 7, 4m, M. KIND.

THE BEST WATER-WHEEL

Is Lefel's Patent Double

American Turbine.

Manufactured by
POOLE & HUNT,
Baltimore, Md.

Dec. 20, 1867, 25, 6m

J. C. NOLAND

Formerly of
A. McKensie & Co.,
CHARLESTON, S. C.

SADDLER

HARNESS MAKER.

Abbeville, C. H., S. C.

July 2, 1886, 11, 12m.